

THE ROMANCE OF THE LAST OF THE BONAPARTES

and the MILLIONS OF MONTE CARLO

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Napoleon's elder brother—has, since the death of the Prince Imperial, been chief of the Napoleons. Recently he resigned the claims of his primogeniture in Louis's favor. It is as well, perhaps. He is rumored to be no better than the law allows. But that is gossip. Besides, here is another point.

Could the trick be managed when nobody was looking, Italy, from whose reigning house Louis's mother comes, and into whose reigning house his sister married, would be glad to give him a boost. The Kaiser also, whose grandfather thrashed his uncle, has inherited a natural interest in him.

A greater point yet, though, is that France has grown sick and tired of the Republic. Two thousand years ago Julius Caesar described the French people as cupidissimi—most cupid—verum novarum—of novelty. They are just the same to-day.

Though that is a great point, there is a greater one still. It is the custom of this charming race to look in all things for a lady. Here are two ladies, and great ones at that. The first is the Empress Eugenie, the second is the Princess Mathilde. Both of them relatives of this young man, both imbued with Napoleonic traditions, both anxious for the return of the eagle and the imperial bees, both have been doing their level best to arrange for him a housewarming in the Tuilleries.

In these pious efforts the two ladies have recently been seconded by a third. And then by hangs this tale.

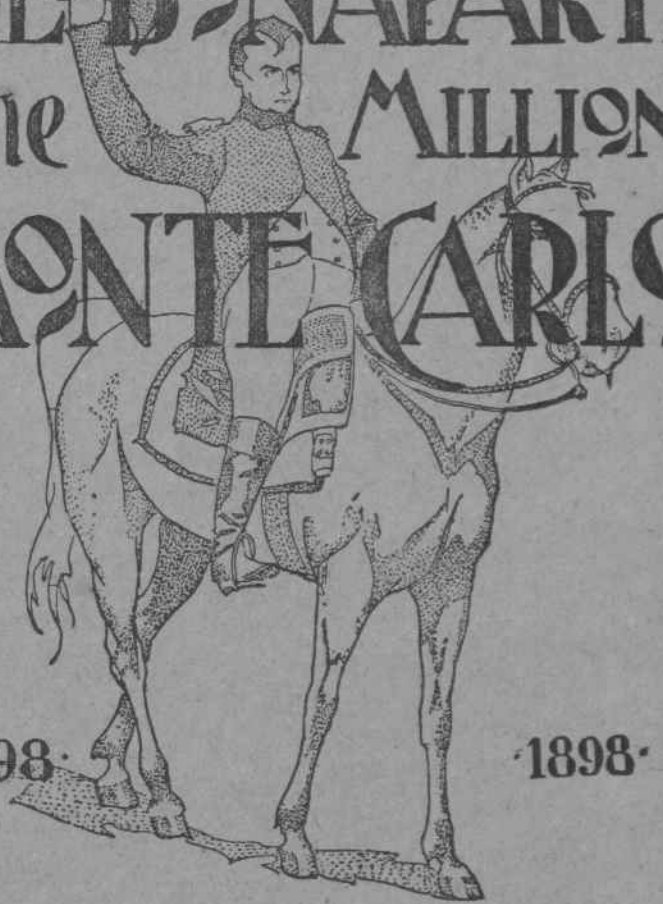
By way of preliminary, the gymnastics necessary to climb on a throne, and particularly on a throne which has ceased to exist, may be conveniently compared to the athletics which the founding of a newspaper requires. In each case the acrobat needs not sinews merely, but the sinews of war. Money there must be, and with it more money. There must be money all the time. In the efforts of these ladies there has been the hitch. The aunts of Louis Napoleon are rich, but they are not rich enough. What they have lacked the third will supply. And now for the story.

Once upon a time people used to assemble in a corner of the map of Europe and gamble there in a cheap and nasty way for small stakes. That corner, known as Monaco, was the sleeping beauty of cities. Perched on a Mediterranean cliff, atmospherically African, historically pre-medieval, descriptively it was the Cinderella of European states. After the Franco-Prussian war, when the tables at Baden and Homburg were closed, an impresario journeyed that way, obtained a concession, built a palace and called it Monte Carlo.

At once the sleeping beauty awoke. Cinderella emerged from her scullery. The name of the gentleman who handed her up was Blanc. Under his care Monte Carlo became a sublimity of Paris in a tropic frame. To-day the setting is unequalled. The hills are Sardanapalian. In and about them are cousins of emperors, grandnephews of popes, kings discredited, outlaws, honest men, American beauties and infantas of palm. These people drop a great deal of money. What they drop falls into Blanc's pocket. He and his family are quite well-to-do. They are worth \$50,000,000. That is a unholy sum.

1798

1898



Is
He
Coming
Again
to
France,
"The
Man
on
Horse-
back?"

LITTLE
PRINCESS
JEANNE

A True Story of
Beauty, Ambition and
Gold,
That May Make
NAPOLEON FITCH.

(Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.)

THE man on horseback, the heaven-sent ruler for whom France yearns, looms up in the person of Prince Louis Napoleon, at present Colonel of the Empress Alexandra's Regiment of the Guards of the Russian Army.

He is second son of Prince Napoleon, otherwise Plon-Plon, who was a son of Jerome Bonaparte and a nephew of the great Emperor. Prince Victor, the older brother of Louis, has resigned in his favor.

Prince Louis's plans of Empire are aided by his proposed marriage to his cousin, Princess Jeanne Bonaparte, who inherited \$50,000,000 from her grandfather, M. Blanc, keeper of the Monte Carlo gambling tables.

His friends in the French army and among the royalties of Europe are preparing to proclaim him Emperor. He is a fine soldier, and bears a strong facial resemblance to his great ancestor. If he appears on his black horse at the psychological moment France will doubtless cry "Vive Napoleon V." This cry is not unfamiliar in the Romance of the Bonapartes.

By Edgar Saltus.

NAPOLEON V. is a star which no self-respecting political meteorologist can fail to discern rising in the sullen sky of France. Yesterday obscure, to-day quite bright, to-morrow it may be wholly apparent.

There is a reason for everything. There is one for this. The Dreyfus case, the Fashoda affair, troubles internal and external, the attitude of Zurich, the imminence of war—these matters, others beside, indicate as obviously as that two and two make four an approaching coup d'etat, and with it the reversal of the government.

The obvious, however, is sometimes misleading. France loves peace, yet prefers victory. It was because of that preference that once upon a time she jumped at Prussia's throat. The pins and needles of the back seat which she then took have been sticking into her ever since. Hence the cushioning alliance with Russia. There is her strength. Her weakness lies in the executive. She lacks what England lacks—a man.

For a moment it looked as though Gambetta might fill the bill. He was shot. Then Boulanger appeared. He shot himself. The coast at present, if shaky, is clear. Any one sufficiently martial to look like a dictator would be acclaimed. For once the middle class, the aristos and the unwashed are in unison. They all want a change, and with it a proconsul who shall demolish the limited liability company which runs the State.

That proconsul will have to come through the Arc de Tri-



PRINCE
LOUIS' NAPOLEON



THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF THE
GREAT GAMBLER BLANC
OF MONTE CARLO

To sanctify it, Blanc procured, some time ago, a Prince for his daughter. Here the plot thickens. The Prince was Roland Bonaparte, the most obscure and infinitesimal of the Napoleons.

On his progenitors there rested the malediction of the Corsican ogre, Napoleon III, honored them with his dislike. They formed a band apart, roaming over Europe, ravenous as wolves, damned and dazzled, blighted by the imperial stare.

The father of Roland married a carpenter's daughter, raised her to the dignity of milliner and with her trimmed hats. Even so he was a Bonaparte; a poor cousin no doubt, yet a cousin all the same. So, too, was his son. The fact had weight with Blanc, perhaps because with the removal of the empire the blight had gone, or else, as is more presumable, because all cousins were alike to him. Be that as it may, he handed over his daughter, and with her a dowry that made the poor devil blink.

This event occurred, of course, at Monaco. Where else could it occur? It was not, though, entirely unanticipated. In ravenous poverty, Roland Bonaparte had lived on a dollar a day and dreamed of millions. Before and since many another has done the same. But only in fairyland do dreams come true. Latterly the dream has widened. Into the spangle of millions has entered a vision of might, the forecast of a strange revenge, the possibility of the prodigious shuffle of prodigious cards. Monaco is a very suggestive place.

Meanwhile, the beautiful heiress who had become Roland's wife passed away, yet leaving a daughter behind. That is sixteen years ago. To-day the girl—Princess Jeanne Bonaparte—is prettier than her mother, and richer, too. Barring a baker's dozen of our local heiresses, she is one of the biggest catches in the matrimonial fair. She has money not merely to buy, but to build. The daughter of a Bonaparte is one thing, the daughter of a Blanc is another. Combined in one, there is the magic rose of fairyland and, it may be, the future Empress of the French.

It is this young person who is seconding the Russian Colonel's aunts in their pious efforts to provide him with a housewarming in the Tuilleries. Should the enterprise succeed, it is not as mere collaborator that she will appear there, but ermined in a robe swarming with the imperial bees. Only the other day it was announced that she is to be the consort of Napoleon V.

There is the story, and a curious one it is. Behind it is that which historians of the future may be trusted to catalogue among the great twists of fate: the Franco-Prussian war, for instance, which, in demolishing an empire, sent Blanc to Monaco and enabled him there to find means wherewith a descendant might establish the wretched glamour to the parent tree; yet, above all, the lily of a gambler's granddaughter and a grand son of a king uniting their hearts and destinies in a conspiracy to love and reign.

Paris dotes on the melodramatic, and there it is. Before the curtain can rise heads must fall and blood must flow. That, though, will add zest to the sight of the young soldier prancing on the historic charger through the asphalt-scented streets. Then at once above the roar of the boulevards will mount in shrill shrieks the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Napoleon V."

And, after all, why not?

EDGAR SALTUS.



PRINCE
VICTOR
BONA-
PARTE